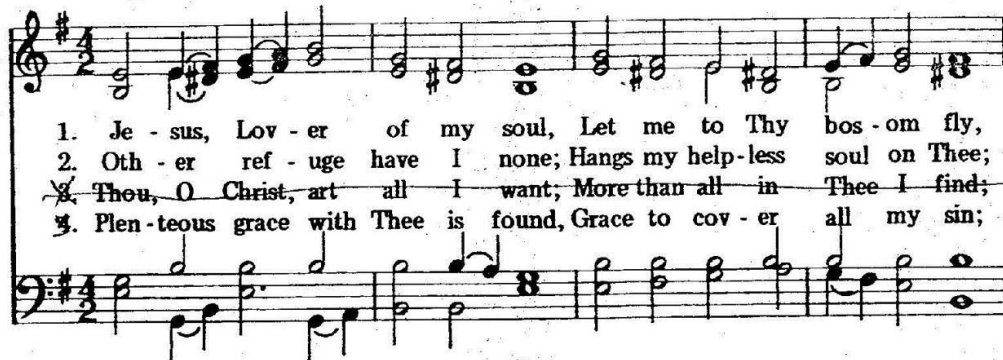


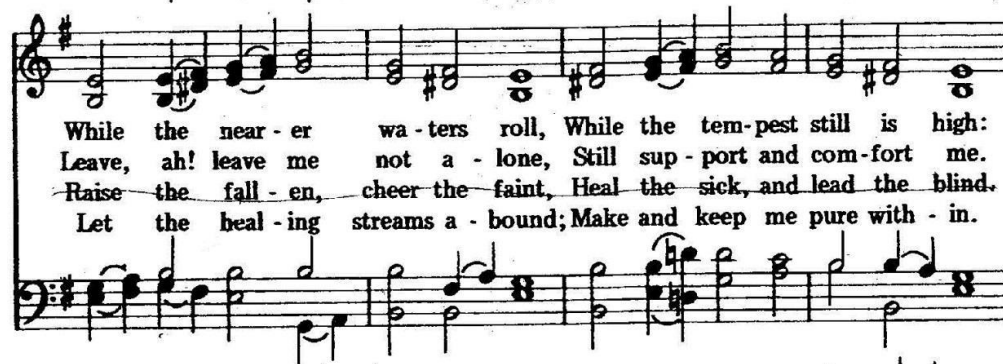
Charles Wesley, 1740

Joseph Parry, 1879

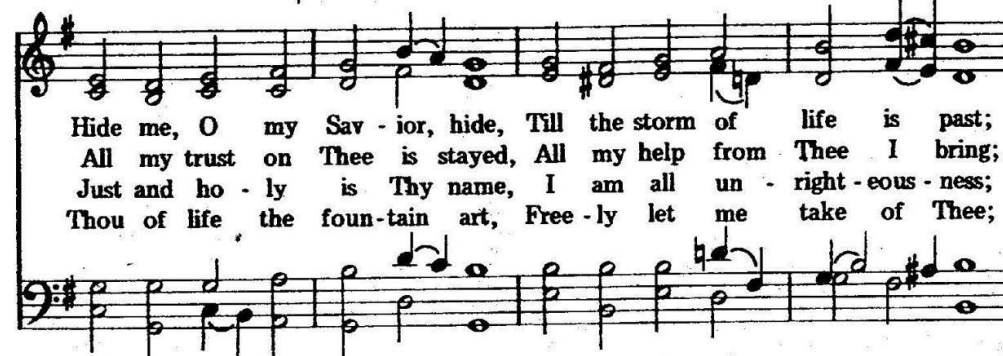
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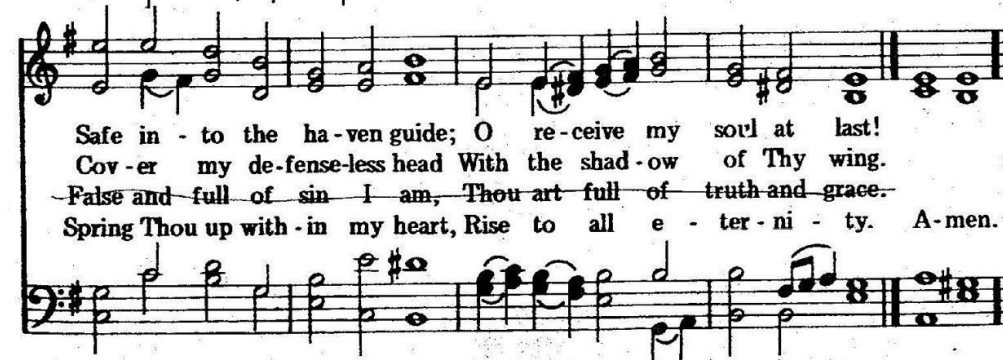
1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly,  
 2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help - less soul on Thee;  
~~3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find;~~  
 4. Plen - teous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin;



While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high:  
 Leave, ah! leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me.  
~~Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind.~~  
 Let the heal - ing streams a - bound; Make and keep me pure with - in.



Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;  
 All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;  
 Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am all un - right - eous - ness;  
 Thou of life the foun - tain art, Free - ly let me take of Thee;



Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; O re - ceive my soul at last!  
 Cov - er my de - fense - less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.  
~~False and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.~~  
 Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty. A - men.